

welcome to the sixties by flyingnorth

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Genre: Bisexual Bill Denbrough, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Gay Richie Tozier, Gay Stanley Uris, M/M, Mentions of homophobia, Minor Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Oblivious Eddie Kaspbrak, POV First Person, Pining Richie Tozier, Weird Plot Shit, plot-driven romance, very angsty

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Summary:

Bill from IT - 2017 gets transported to the Derry from the 1990 Miniseries and maybe kinda falls in love with Stan while also trying to get back to his own Derry.

welcome to the sixties

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey guys! Thanks for clicking on my fic! This is the first Stenbrough fic I've ever written, so I hope it's actually good. Jury's still out on that one, I guess. I tried my hardest to stick to the world details of both the 2017 movie and the 1990 miniseries, but there's definitely a few details I didn't get right. This is definitely plot-driven but I'm gonna be honest this is mostly for me to write about Stenbrough. I hope you enjoy!

I didn't go outside often anymore. Okay, sure, It was defeated, but that didn't mean that I had to be happy. That didn't mean that I could look outside my bedroom window, that I could look at the sewer, and forget everything that had happened. Everything that I had lost. I just had to hope that if It came back, the Losers would be ready to defeat him once and for all.

It was getting dark, and even though I knew it was no use, I climbed into bed, feeling the soft sheets curl around me. They weren't a comfort. I hadn't slept consistently for so long that I had lost count of the days. My dreams were plagued with Georgie and my friends, always in peril. Always dying. And so, I had just stopped trying to sleep.

I didn't know how long I had tried to sleep, but eventually it started to rain, waves of water thrashing against my window. That's when I knew that I wasn't going to sleep. Georgie had died in the rain. Somehow, it always went back to Georgie. Of course it did. It all started with Georgie, and it ended with him too. I got out of bed, my feet hitting the hardwood flooring with two soft thuds. Glancing over to the clock on my bedside table, I knew I couldn't call any of the other losers--it was one in the morning, so surely they'd be asleep. Besides, I didn't have a landline in my room, and I hardly thought I could get away with sneaking downstairs in the middle of the night, and then talking to one of the other losers without waking either of my parents.

Still, I needed to do something. So I shrugged on my raincoat and rainboots. Even if I couldn't sleep, I was determined to conquer my newly-developed fear of the rain, and walking in it seemed like the best way to do it. I figured that in the event my parents woke up while I was sneaking out, I could probably convince them I was sleepwalking. Or something. I honestly wasn't sure what I would do if my parents woke up, so I instead decided not to wake them in the first place, which seemed like a solid plan.

I tiptoed downstairs, holding my breath as my feet padded lightly down each step. Halfway down the stairs, I breathed a sigh of relief, glancing up at my parent's room to see the lights still dark. I breathed another sigh when I reached the bottom of the staircase without waking my parents. I was about to make my way out the door when something else caught my eye.

The light in the basement was on. I sucked in a breath. I had avoided going in there since the encounter with It in the sewers. I knew that It was defeated, and yet I still couldn't bring myself to go down there, where It had been lurking, waiting to devour me.

Shit. Normally, I would have just ignored the light. But there was no reason why it would be on. I ran a hand through my auburn hair, steeled my nerves, and walked to the entrance of the basement.

"H-hello?" I called down the basement steps. I could see the light coming from the basement faintly, but couldn't see anyone—or anything—inside. Of course, nothing called back to me. I shook my head. Stupid. Of course nothing would call back to me, because nothing was there. I was just being paranoid.

But even if nothing was there, I still had to go down there to turn off the basement light. Sucking in a deep breath, I exhaled slowly, psyching myself up. You can do it, Bill, I kept telling myself. And with shaky steps, I descended into the basement.

I didn't expect to see much, and of course there wasn't much there, certainly nothing that hadn't been down there for years clogging up the basement and gathering dust. I passed multiple boxes, many of them full of holiday and other seasonal items. I counted at least three different Christmas ornament boxes. But one box in particular caught

my eye.

It was labeled ‘Family Photos’, and while I knew that in the wake of Georgie’s death, his parents had tried their hardest to erase the heartache as much as possible, but I hadn’t even noticed the lack of family photos on the walls. The thought chilled me to the bone, and I felt an indescribable urge to rifle through the photos.

I held off the urge. I had better things to do—namely turn off the basement light and get the hell out of dodge. Having identified that the source of light to the basement came from a single bulb that swung from a chain, and moved away from the box and towards the light source. I was about to turn out the light when a thud from behind nearly startled him out of his skin. Turning around, I noticed that the top picture album had fallen from the box and onto the basement floor.

The wobble of my legs returned as I made my way over to the album, picking it up and turning it over gently over in my hands. The cover was worn and covered in dust like the rest of the basement. It showed a picture of a toy horse next to a set of building blocks. It was my baby book. Without hesitation, I flipped open the album. The first few pages were of me as a newborn—squealing and red-faced, being held by one of my parents. The next couple of pictures were of myself at each one of my big “milestones”: first word, first haircut, first visit with Santa (that one was particularly embarrassing). But what was more embarrassing was that this was the first time I had ever seen any of these pictures.

Of course, I was only thirteen, so maybe my parents thought I was too young to see any of these, but my parents were no strangers to showing ,e a myriad of embarrassing baby photos, so I had no clue why these were any different. I continued to flip through the pictures, and was relieved when I finally got to pictures I remembered: pictures of me on my first day of school, or when Georgie was born. I was in most of the pictures for Georgie’s firsts as well. Smiling next to Georgie when he got his first haircut, laughing as Georgie squirmed in the grip of Santa.

Seeing Georgie, young and alive, brought me more anguish than I had ever felt, and yet less anguish than I thought I’d feel. Maybe my

parents had hid the pictures to spare themselves heartache, but it definitely spared me an unimaginable amount of heartache as well. I set down the photo album and was about to turn off the lights when I heard a very distinct, very childish voice.

“Billy? Please don’t leave me all alone again. It’s cold down here.”

My grip on the chord tightened, so much so that I thought I was going to break the light. “Y-you’re not rhe-real.”

“Stay with me, Billy.” The voice sing-songed.

“Stuh-stop.” It was raining outside again, harder as ever. Sheets of rain pounded against the house, and I could hear it even from the basement. It had gotten about ten degrees cooler.

I backed away towards the stairs, turning out of the light all but forgotten.

“It’s the least you could do, Billy,” said the voice, having lost a bit of its childish nature. “After all, if you hadn’t pretended to be sick, I’d still be alive.”

I was backing up the stairs, not caring, hoping even, that they creaked beneath me, only wishing to get out. “You’re dead. We killed you.”

“But I’m not Pennywise,” said the voice, having lost all its childishness, and taking on quite any effective echo.

“Then what are you?” I asked, having reached the top of the stairs. A couple more seconds, and I was free.

“I’m worse.” The voice started to laugh, only it wasn’t like It. It had a very distinct laugh. No, the voice’s laugh was like a stick of dynamite exploding, booming and echoing off the basement walls, only growing in size and volume as time passed.

I sprinted away from the basement, out of my house, letting the door slam behind me. I was running, letting the rain soak me to the bone. I didn’t care where I was going, or even know where I was going. I just had to get away from the voice, whatever the hell it actually was. I

wasn't convinced it wasn't Pennywise, back from the dead to torment me. But surely, Pennywise couldn't have resurrected himself that quickly.

I was stumbling; I didn't know where I was going anymore. The street seemed to lurch beneath me, and my breaths came out in sputtered gasps. I couldn't have travelled very far, and yet I didn't recognize any of my surroundings. They were vaguely familiar if I squinted hard enough, as if I was trying to recall them from a dream. I stopped on the corner of Willow and Jackson. While O moved past the street sign, I was trying hard to ignore the feeling that he didn't know any streets in Derry named Willow or Jackson.

I kept running. I didn't know where I was going, only that I had to get as far away from my house as possible. As rain splashed around and onto me, I cursed myself for not bringing silver, although I didn't kn0w how effective silver would have been in the rain. I stopped to get my bearings. I had to calm down. Assess the situation. The Losers didn't beat Pennywise by running, and I wasn't going to figure what the hell was going on by running. Okay, maybe the Losers had done a lot of running in their quest to kill It, but it definitely wasn't the deciding factor in the fight.

I looked around, and saw houses. A lot of houses. I was taken aback; not by the sheer amount of houses, but rather how spaced out and squat-looking they were. I didn't remember the houses being this spaced out, this... small. I shook my head. I must not have been remembering Derry right. It was night. That could have been it. I couldn't say I'd been roaming Derry this late at night before. But as I started walking through the neighborhood, calmly and carefully, I still couldn't shake the feeling that something was off.

My suspicions were confirmed when I reached the Memorial Park. I took a step backwards, then another. There was no way this was my Memorial Park. Sure, it said, in big, white letters, "Derry Memorial Park", but there was no way. Even if it were dark. Even if I was half-asleep and concussed, I would know this wasn't my Memorial Park. It was so... sad. So small. While the Memorial Park, my memorial park, was big, and bright, and had a large stage and a Paul Bunyan statue, this Memorial Park was small and unkempt, and looked like a horror-movie version of the real deal. There wasn't even a Paul Bunyan

statue.

I started to panic again. If this wasn't my Derry, then where was I? Surprisingly, as I tried to think through this problem, I felt myself calm down a little. I was good at solving problems; it was kind of my thing. I collapsed to the ground in a confused, panicked heap and started to grasp for reasons as to why I was here. Was I in Hell, or some other afterlife? I could have been, but I doubted it. Even after facing off with It, I still wasn't the afterlife kind of guy. Besides, didn't afterlives usually involve being rid of your present-life? As far as I was concerned, I hadn't died. My next thought was that it was some sort of portal. That could have also been a possibility, although again it had quite a few holes in it, the biggest being the voice I heard. As far as I was concerned, portals couldn't talk--although, that would have been a good story idea.

My next thought was the one that I thought would have come first--Pennywise. But Pennywise was dead. Pennywise had to be dead. The Losers had killed him themselves. He was defeated, forced back into his sewer to starve. I thought for sure that even if, and that was a big if, Pennywise was still alive, he surely wouldn't have the power to send me... wherever I was.

I stood up. I knew for a fact I wasn't Derry anymore, at least not my Derry, but maybe I was in a Derry-adjacent place. And if I was in a Derry-adjacent place, then maybe there was a Derry-adjacent group of Losers. I set off at a run again. But I didn't go to Eddie or Richie's houses. Instead, I ran towards Mike's farm. I figured that of all the Losers, Mike would be the most understanding of the situation. Of course, this was all contingent on there being Derry-adjacent Losers at all. I would just have to hope there was.

The road to Mike Hanlon's farm was long, twisty, and dirt--which meant that it had turned to mud in the rain. I sludged through the mud, grimacing as it clung to my boots and danced around my knees in the rain. I was very glad now that I'd grabbed my raincoat and rainboots. Otherwise, I'd have been soaked to the bone thrice over.

Mike Hanlon's farm actually looked like Mike Hanlon's farm, and I

breathed a sigh of relief. Not only because of the fact that it was a building I actually recognized, but because it meant that maybe, maybe, Mike was actually inside. I stomped onto the steps, glad to be free of the rain, and knocked softly on the front door. When nobody answered, I knocked again, harder, in order to be heard over the rain. Still, nobody answered, and I waited on the steps for ten seconds, my cheeks heating and my breathing becoming more labored. Because what if Mike wasn't there? What if Mike didn't even exist? Ten seconds became fifteen seconds, and at twenty seconds, I turned around.

Behind me, I heard the unmistakable sound of a door creaking open. I turned around to see the door cracked open, and peaking through the crack--Mike Hanlon. But not the Mike Hanlon I remembered. This Mike Hanlon was grangly, while my Mike was stocky. This Mike had hastily thrown a blue flannel shirt over his pajamas; the Mike I knew would never be caught dead in flannel. But they had the same hair, down to the cut, and the same facial features. And when he spoke, he sounded exactly like my Mike.

"Were you trying to wake my father, or are you just stupid?" Mike was whispering, but the kind of whisper that isn't really a whisper, but a soft yell.

"Y-your father?" I asked. I was confused now. Mike didn't have a father. His parents had died in a fire when Mike was little.

"Yes, my father," Mike said. "Now either tell me who you are or get the hell off my porch."

"It-it's me... B-Bill Denbro--" I started, but by that point, Mike was already starting to close the door. I surged forward, hand clamping on the edge of the doorway with a thud loud enough to wake the dead.

Mike looked ready to kill, and he shut the door behind him softly before grabbing Bill by the chin and thrusting him against one of the porch banisters.

"I'm going to ask you who you are again, and you're going to tell me, because I know for damn sure you ain't Bill Denbrough." Mike's stare

was intense, and even though I had told no lies, I still looked away.

“I a-am Buh-Bill--” I said, only to be cut off again.

“And you can drop the stutter. It’s not even convincing.”

That hurt my feelings. Did my stutter actually sound that unconvincing? I pushed the thought aside. I had better things to worry about.

“Wait. I c-can prove i-it.” I lifted my palm, showing off the scar that had just started to heal from where I had cut it, a promise that should It return, they would come back to Derry.

“Where did you get that?” Mike growled, but there was more intrigue than anger to it.

“Fruh-from the prom-promise I made after defeating It.”

Mike took a step back, releasing his hold on me. “How do I know you’re not It in disguise?”

I wheezed before answering, my lungs still adjusting to being able to breathe fully once more. “If I was, you’d already be d-dead.”

“That’s a good point.” Mike straightened. “Come with me. You can crush with me for the night. And in the morning, we’re going to meet with the rest of the Losers. Because maybe you are Bill Debrough, but you’re not my Bill, and I have a feeling you’re thinking the same about me.”

Mike opened the door, stepped inside his house, and ushered me in, urging me to be quiet. Fortunately, we’d failed to wake Mike’s dad.

In the morning, I went with Mike to the canal to meet with the rest of the Losers. Because I didn’t have silver, I rode on the back of Mike’s bike, an experience I hoped I wouldn’t have to repeat again. Mike was a good biker, sure, but he was nowhere near smooth, and nowhere near used to having a person on the back of his bike. Needless to say, it was a bumpy and scary ride, and when we finally

stopped, I got off the bike to go throw up in some bushes.

And that was how I introduced myself to the other Loser's Club.

To say they were different would have been an understatement. But also an overstatement. Because, sure, they weren't my friends exactly, but if I squinted hard enough and tilted his head to the right, they were perfect imitations.

After Mike, Ben Hanscom was the least different from the Ben I remembered. While this Ben had blond hair, and was a lot sturdier than my Ben, both versions of the boy had the same eyes, and the same expressionate faces. In fact, this version of Ben acted the same as the version I was used to.

Next came Beverly Marsh. Her lack of red hair had stunned me when I had first seen her, as the Beverly I knew was known for her red locks, but same as Ben, her posture and expressions were exactly like those of the Bev I remembered. While she wasn't wearing a dress (flannel seemed like all this version of the Losers seemed to wear), her outfit did look like something my Bev would wear, granted with some major alterations.

Richie was a redhead. It was as if Beverly's hair had been transferred over to Richie, and I found it to be very jarring. Gone were Richie's shaggy brunette locks. This version of Richie's hair would more accurately be described as a perm with too much hairspray in it. But he still wore thick-framed glasses and collared shirts, dressing most like the version of the Losers I remembered.

Gone were Eddie Kaspbrak's dark down locks. This version of Eddie had what could be generously be called light brown, but whereas the Eddie I knew had shaggy brown hair, this Eddie's hair couldn't be more manicured and gelled-together. I could even see a visible part. Eddie was still short--a lot shorter than the rest of the group--but my Eddie still seemed to take up space. This version of Eddie seemed like he could disappear into the cosmos at any second.

Stan Uris didn't have curly, light brown hair. No, this Stan had dark black hair, cut short and wavy in the front. He still dressed nice, however, in this particular occasion wearing a white button-down

shirt. And even in the couple of minutes I had known this version of him, Stan acted just like my Stan. He was fastidious, caring above all for the accuracy of everything--and by everything, I mean everything--and he was still very cleanly.

Last, and the one that I couldn't even begin to wrap my mind around, was myself This version of myself--well, I couldn't even begin to break down the other version of myself objectively. But this version of me had ash blond hair and blue eyes, with small eyes but a big nose and mouth. He had pale skin and a thin, but not stick-thin, frame. He seemed just as shocked to see me as I was to see him, and it seemed for a second like they would act like a cat when it sees itself in a mirror--mirroring each other's movements until in confusion, one of them struck.

Nothing of the sort happened. Instead, Bill turned to Mike Hanlon, because Bill was dumb and Mike wasn't, and that was the way it always was and always would be. Mike, for his part, was more than happy to supply Bill with the information he was looking for.

"I found him on my porch," Mike said, "In the dead of night, making a ruckus on the door so loud I thought it would wake my father--"

"I was n-not!" I protested.

"Bill," Mike replied, "Shut up."

"I didn't say n-anything!" Bill said, before his eyes widened in realization of his mistake, at which point he nodded his clarity.

"Okay," Richie said, "This is gonna get confusing otherwise, so you--" Richie pointed at Bill, "are Bill, and you--" Richie pointed at me, "Are Denbrough. Capiche?"

The rest of the Losers nodded their agreement.

Mike picked up the conversation. "Now that we got that figured out, we need to figure out how Denbrough got here and how to send him back."

"I have a few ideas about that, actually," I said. The others looked at me expectantly, and I continued. "Well, it could be Pennywise--" a

couple of the group members flinched, while a few nodded their agreement, “But he couldn’t have come back this soon, we just defeated him. So it could have been like a portal, although...” I trailed off.

Then I told them about the voice I had heard. Beside me, Bill had grown cold and distant, and I didn’t blame him. This was a lot to take in.

“That definitely sounds like Pennywise,” Mike said.

“But th-that’s impossible,” Bill said, “We duh-defeated him. Beverly did it herself.”

“You did?” I asked Beverly.

“Yeah. How did it go down in your... world? Dimension? This is confusing. You get my point, though.”

“Um...” I started, but didn’t know how to continue. I already didn’t remember a lot of the fight with Pennywise, and what I did remember, I was still embarrassed about. Finally, I just said, “It w-was a team effort.”

“Beverly hit it with the slingshot,” Richie said. “It was awesome.”

“Right,” Bill said, “Back to the o-o-original point, we should ruh-rule out Pennywise for now. N-any other ideas, Duh-Denbrough?”

“I w-was thinking su-some kind of H-hell or a-afterlife,” I said, “B-but th-this pl-place doesn’t feel like a-an afterlife.”

“Damn straight it doesn’t,” Richie said. Beverly shot him a glance, and Richie shut up.

“O-or,” I continued, “Muh-maybe a D-Derry-adjacent p-place?”

“This feels like Derry,” Eddie supplied.

“I agree with Eds,” Richie said, “There’s the ‘Welcome to Derry’ sign on the edge of town and everything.”

"I personally think it's the alternate dimension idea," Stan said.

"You watch too many movies," Ben Hanscom retorted.

"Oh yeah, says you," Stan shot back.

"We cuh-can figure that out l-later. In the mean-mean time, w-welcome to the Losers Club, Denbrough."

And with that, Bill and I shook hands.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey! Thanks for reading to the end! Let know what you thought of this chapter, and if you liked it, I would love if you left a kudos. I don't know what the update schedule for this is going to look like, but I'm guessing updates will come fortnightly (every two weeks). I love y'all, thanks again for reading!!